

SUNDAY, APRIL 26, 1903

Who Would Not Write For One Dollar a Word

The Literary Outlook, By Herbert Brewster.

It is now a definite fact that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle will write another series of Sherlock Holmes stories. A leading American weekly has acquired the American serial rights to the work and the rumor that it has agreed to pay at the rate of \$1 a word has gained the paper considerable advertising, as well as turned the heads of many young, ambitious American writers. The dollar-a-word story cannot be vouched for; doubtless Sir Arthur is to receive \$1 a word, more or less, for the serial rights of his further Sherlock Holmes adventures, not alone in this country, but including England and its colonies. If the American publisher of the serial matter is saying 25 cents a word, they are perhaps paying all they should, though no character in fiction has such a vague as this remarkable detective creation of Doyle's. It is understood that the matter will not appear serially before next spring; the book publication will probably take place in the following fall and will be managed in this country by the same house that brought out "The Hound of the Baskervilles."

Writing of Sherlock Holmes brings up the question of an author's property right in his characters. Certainly, if an author is entitled to the sole use of his characters, provided his book is duly copyrighted, Dr. Doyle (or Sir Arthur, which he prefers not to be called) has been a much abused man. Though Sherlock Holmes has not been bodily stolen, he has furnished many an author with a caricature. "The Adventures of Shylock Holmes" is one example. "Shedlock Holmes" is another. Not only has the thing been done by writers, the comic artists have freely appropriated the character. However, after all, the copying of the character in various guises has only added to the fame of the original detective and, now that Dr. Doyle has brought him back to life and is recording his further adventures, he should not object in the least.

Probably the most trying phase of the fame which has come to Dr. Doyle through Sherlock Holmes is the oft-repeated suggestion sent to him by solicitous friends and admirers that he collaborate with his brother-in-law, E. W. Hornung, the creator of Raffles, the great criminal, on a story of crime and detection in which Holmes shall be pitted against the defies. Dr. Doyle has received hundreds of times this same suggestion, and doubtless Mr. Hornung has been offered the same idea more times than he wishes.

There will shortly begin serial publication in England and this country a remarkable series of papers called, "The Confessions of a Journalist." The author of the article is unknown to any one save his London agent. This latter person explains that the author is a well known author of books and writer for the magazines, who, owing to the frankness of the confessions, deems it wise to remain unknown.

We have had many confessions, many of them the products of fertile imaginations, but these papers are unique. The author shows a remarkable familiarity with affairs which interest not only European readers but American as well. For example, one of his articles deals with his connection with the Spanish-American war. He makes the astounding claim that he brought the war on by cabling an interview with a leading Frenchman on the subject to a leading New

York newspaper. In another article he attempts to show that the election of Cardinal Gibbons to succeed Leo XIII is the only sure way to continue the power of the Catholic church and to satisfy all of the warring factions in Europe. It is at all unlikely that these confessions will ever much talk in this country. They are written by a man who knows his subjects well and who has an interesting inside story to tell in almost every case.

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Few men would dare attempt to prepare a guide to books of fiction; Mr. Ernest A. Baker is an exception. He has not only attempted, but he has also accomplished a difficult task. In his last volume he has compiled a mass of information about over 4500 works of fiction printed in the English language. It is the first book of its kind and should be of much value to librarians and for others. If for nothing else, it would be worth while if it prevented the duplication of titles, which is a common thing nowadays.

Less than two years ago there appeared a story of newspaper life called "The Great God Success," which was so much better than the general run of novels of the kind that readers began to wonder who the author might be. It did not develop until some months later that the writer was David Phillips, and then came the unusual news that Mr. Phillips had left an editorial position on one of the New York papers, which paid him \$10,000 a year, for the purpose of making his living writing books. Since he began the work Mr. Phillips has made great strides. His last novel, "Golden Fleece," seems likely to place him in the front rank of the younger generation of American novelists.

Mr. Phillips' identity in connection with the authorship of "The Great God Success" was suspected first because the author had been a little too faithful to fact in one of the incidents of his story. His

hero made a great hit with his employers and secured a "beat" over the rival papers in exactly the same manner as the author himself did several years ago.

Besides writing novels, Mr. Phillips devotes much of his time to writing special articles for the magazines. He has for some years made millionaires a special study, and his "Confessions of a Croesus," on which he is now working, is a story which he has based very considerably on facts. In the current number of Success, Mr. Phillips gives a study of American editors, which is of more than unusual interest to book readers, since, in large measure, the men who make our magazines are the same men who publish our books.

"Instead of looking into a popular paper, book or magazine," writes Mr. Phillips, "to see what vulgarities made it so popular, the writer and critics who appeal from their own to a remote future generation might learn something if they would look into that paper, book or magazine to see if there isn't something there, some bold sweep of the great chord of universal human nature which has caused popularity in spite of the vulgarity."

America's revolt, expressed in cheap and popular newspapers and magazines, grew out of the very necessities of her condition. A great democracy must be educated, and a great democracy craves education. It cannot read what it cannot understand; it cannot understand what is deliberately addressed to it to few and interests a few only, interesting them often because they fancy that interest in what is above the heads of the masses is a mark of superiority. Out of the need of education, out of the demand for education grew the high school of cheap newspapers and the college and university of cheap popular magazines.

American newspapers and magazines, not even in the old days when the newness of shallowness of culture caused many avowed minor writers to employ the affectations of involved style and a muddy or cloudy thought, were never characterized by the platitudinous yawnsome ponderousness which leads the great first-class magazines and reviews of Great Britain and the continent. We were always deeply admire classes and reverence. We were always disposed to suspect that the stuff that clings to our own bones is of the same consistency as the stuff of which stars and all things really or reputedly high are made. We never did buy many newspapers or magazines or books to have something to sleep over and to give us intellectual caste. We were ready, even impatient for illustrated newspapers and illustrated magazines when they came. If the Edinburgh or the Quarterly, when it can't get such word pictures as a Sidney Smith, a Macaulay or a De Quincey could paint, would supply the lack with pictures, how they would lighten the dreary pages of matter that is highly informative, but extremely difficult to read in the pretentious and poverty-stricken language of Mr. Intellectual Nobody.

Here is a suggestion for the editors-in-chief of some of our so-called "serious" magazines. I have in mind one which can present an apparently almost flawless title to being the oldest of our serious periodicals—and in its early days it was, with a brilliant release now and then, a "serious" matter. It never smiled, if it could possibly avoid it. It was resolutely determined to convey information in a way which as few cared about. Once in a while a real writer seems to have "broken into it"—possibly the dearth of real writers was in part responsible—but in the main it was possessed by men whose "ideas hadn't caught up with their vocabularies," as ex-Senator Jones of Nevada would say.

"Respectability was its chief claim to consideration—respectability plus an occasional burst of almost apologetic timeliness of human interest. Whenever it became or showed signs of becoming a magazine worthy of human beings while as he sat in the lightning express that darts us from eternity to eternity, it was being shown their appreciation by buying it. Usually it remained unread and respectable, a fit ornament for the center table of an unused library."

Famous Phillistine To Lecture in Salt Lake.



ELBERT HUBBARD.

On Sunday night, May 10, Salt Lakers will have an opportunity to hear a man who ranks easily among the foremost lecturers of his time. Elbert Hubbard, the famous editor of the Phillistine, is coming to talk under the auspices of the Press club of Salt Lake. Elbertus, as he is known to his admirers, is very much of an iconoclast. Yet it may truthfully be said of him that he never shatters an idol until he knows that its feet are made of clay.

Fearless, eloquent, magnetic, Mr. Hubbard denounces shams wherever he finds them, and does it in a way that has won him the warm esteem of thousands and the admiration of many who do not agree with him. The subject of Mr. Hubbard's lecture here will be "The Work of the Roycrofters." Those who have heard it say it is Mr. Hubbard's best work, and that is saying a great deal. The Salt Lake theatre, where the lecture is to be given, should be well filled when Mr. Hubbard comes.

The Girl Who Jilted Captain Roper-Curzon

CAPTAIN Arthur Eric Paget Roper-Curzon has spent \$300,000 in America in three years trying to forget an American girl. He is a poor man, having dissipated the last penny of his inheritance, and he is now coming to New York to begin life anew.

He belongs to a family that traces its lineage back to the time of Henry III. The heads of it have been peers of England for 300 years.

Lord Curzon, the viceroy of India, belongs to a younger branch of the family.

Arthur Eric Paget Roper-Curzon was a youth of experience when he first met Miss Marguerite Gwynne, although he was only 22. His birth and the allowance given him by a rich and generous father gave him abundant opportunities. He met his American sweetheart on board a ship that was cruising in the Mediterranean.

It was Miss Gwynne's first trip abroad. She was born near New York, but her parents had afterward removed to Canada. They were simple, plain folk, but comfortably well off, blessed with abundant common sense and without social ambitions.

Miss Gwynne was lovely, and she had the breezy charm and freshness, the lively independence and nerve which make American women so attractive to Britishers. Young Roper-Curzon fell head over heels in love with her.

He gained a reluctant consent from Miss Gwynne, but her parents did not look with favor upon the proposed match. The mother especially opposed it. The Gwynnes insisted that Roper-Curzon must gain the consent of his family before he married their daughter.

He hurried to England and straightway sought his father, making a clean breast of the matter. "You must not marry beneath your position," cried the elder Roper-Curzon, adding a threat of disinheritance.

So the young man lingered in London. The pleased father increased his allowance, and Arthur Eric Paget Roper-Curzon tried to enjoy life in social dissipation.

He had written to Miss Gwynne, but no answering letter came. He wrote again and again, thinking the earlier letters had been mislaid, but there was no reply.

Mrs. Gwynne did not want her daughter to marry the young Englishman. She did not think he could make her child happy. She believed that the young girl would adorn and enjoy a lower station in life than Roper-Curzon promised her. And Mrs. Gwynne favored another suit, one that had been left behind in Canada when the family went abroad.

Captain Roper-Curzon tried hard to

forget. He lived in the open air, devoting himself to hunting and shooting. He bought a Thames houseboat and fitted it up luxuriously. He bought a yacht and cruised in it with boon companions. He entered into the gay life of London. But he could not drive from him the memory of Marguerite.

After more than two years of separation he decided to sacrifice everything and seek her in America, to marry her if he could persuade her to consent. He gathered a small amount of money and departed for Canada. He had told his father of his determination, and the old gentleman promptly stopped his allowance.

When the young man reached Toronto it was to find that his sweetheart was married. She had not made a brilliant match from a material or social standpoint, but she was supremely happy.

Captain Roper-Curzon realized that he must forget in good earnest. He decided to settle in Canada, to become a farmer in the far northwest. He knew nothing about farming, and, therefore, he must learn it.

Before he had finished his first six months in the farm school his father died. Then, in the language of one of his friends, "Roper-Curzon dropped the rake and reached for the roll; the fireworks commenced immediately."

His share of the estate was a little less than \$300,000.

While waiting for the estate to be settled up, Captain Roper-Curzon conceived the idea of taking a party of six friends to the Klondike.

"Boys, I'm tired of Indian bucks and squabbling squares; let's go back where there is something decent to eat and something going on."

Of course they were willing to return. He was paying for the whole show.

The head of the party gave their guides pretty much all of the outfit, including four horses, and led his friends to Winnipeg. The Klondike trip cost him something more than \$10,000.

He furnished a house from top to bottom and his friends shared the home. He announced that he was going to make a long stay in Winnipeg.

At the end of a month he was tired of it. He wanted a diversion. An idea struck him, and as a result there appeared in a Winnipeg newspaper an advertisement that read like this:

"Any young woman wishing to learn something to her advantage and to secure a pleasant home will communicate with—"

A fictitious name was given and the answers were to be addressed in care of the newspaper.

In another newspaper an advertisement requested any young man wishing to secure a home on easy terms to write to him.

Inasmuch as his own romance had

failed so miserably, the eccentric young Captain Roper-Curzon decided to furnish a romance for others.

There was no lack of applicants. The captain made a selection from among the young women and from the young men. He was careful to choose those he considered the best specimens mentally and physically, and the two he thought would be the best suited to each other.

He went to them separately and told them what was in his mind. If they would agree to marry each other ten minutes after they met for the first time they would have a house, furniture and all. The young couple agreed.

He brought them together and a minister waiting, and they were promptly married. He also furnished the bridal dinner.

Then it occurred to him that the pair ought to have a wedding trip, so he took them to Toronto and afterward to Boston. They had everything that money could buy—the finest suites in the best hotels, the most elaborate dinners and carriages at their disposal. They were permitted to buy everything they wanted in the way of clothes.

"That was really a delightful experience," said Captain Roper-Curzon, reminiscently. "Those people had the jolliest kind of a time. I don't know what it cost me—something more than \$8,000, I believe."

They were in Toronto only a couple of days, and practically all of this sum was spent in New York in two weeks. Of course, he took his six friends along with him to add to the general gaiety.

The newly married pair were sent back to Winnipeg to occupy the house he had given them, while the captain and his friends decided that they would go to San Francisco. He was still paying the bills, and they were glad to.

They proved the lines of Eugene Field—"The paint keeps getting redder the further west you go." They made things hum. In Denver Captain Roper-Curzon met a young woman who reminded him of his sweetheart, and he presented her with a diamond sunburst that cost \$1,000.

Last fall he invited five friends from New York and Cleveland to go with him on a hunting trip to Muskoda. He provided everything, including a special train, and the completeness and lavishness of his arrangements amazed his guests. The bag included nine deer and one bear.

On Feb. 4 last Captain Roper-Curzon announced that he was broke. Since then he has been taking a real and cheerful interest in life. At 31 he is about to start forth to make his fortune. He is coming to New York and he is optimistic about it.

One of the remarkable things about his reckless dissipating of his money is the fact that he lost none of it in gambling.—New York World.

COMPLICATED MACHINERY FOR MAKING PINS

The Scientific American of recent date contained an interesting article on "How Pins Are Made."

It seems that the modern manufacturing process of pinmaking began with the invention of a process for drawing wire. The process in question had its origin in France and Germany, which countries for 20 years had a complete monopoly of the industry.

This was about the year 1820. Not until the middle of the last century, however, were the machines in successful operation which, from the drawn wire, could complete the pins now used all over the world and stick them in crimped paper by the process described here:

Wire is drawn from a reel automatically by a pair of pliers between fixed studs which straighten the wire. A pin length is then gripped by a pair of lateral jaws, from which a portion of the wire is left projecting. A snap-head die then advances and partially shapes the head. The blank is now released and pushed forward about a twentieth of an inch. The head is then given another squeeze by the

same die. By this repetition of motion the head is completed, and the blank is cut off the wire in the length desired. About an eighth of an inch of the wire is necessary to make a pinhead.

The headed blanks are dropped into a receptacle in which they arrange themselves in the line of a slot formed by two inclined and beveled bars. Since the opening between the bars is just large enough to permit the shank to fall through, the pins are suspended in a row along the slot. When the blanks reach the lower end of the inclined bar in their suspended position they are seized between two parts of the machine and passed along, rotating as they move, in front of a cylindrical cutter, with sharp grooves on its surface, whereby the pins are pointed.

Thus properly made, the pins are thrown from the machine. If they be brass, they are cleaned by being boiled in weak sour beer. After they have been cleaned they are tinned. This process is effected by placing alternate layers of pins and grain tin in a copper can, in which a weak solution of bitartrate of potash is added. The can is heated, and the solution of tin is produced, which is deposited on the surface of the pins. The pins are removed and brightened by be-

ing shaken in a revolving barrel of bran or sawdust.

Now comes the final operation of "pinning." The pins to be struck are placed in a hopper, in connection with which a steel plate is used, with longitudinal slots corresponding with the number of pins which form a row in the paper. The pins in the hopper are stirred up by a comb-like tool; the shanks drop through the slots in the plate and are suspended by their heads. Long, narrow sheets of paper are presented by the operator to the action of a machine, by which two raised folds are crimped. The row of pins collected in the steel plate is then pressed through two crimped folds by the same action. These operations are repeated until the requisite rows of pins are stuck in the paper.

In the United States the manufacture of pins has become such an industry that the waste in this country due to the supply of the world's demand, in 1900 the 55,000,000 pins in the United States used 86,000,000 gross of common pins, which is equal to 2,500,000,000 pins, or an average of about 122 pins for every man, woman and child in the country. This is the highest average reached anywhere in the use of pins.

WALKER'S STORE

Here's a Seasonable Bargain--Women's Silk Shirt Waists up to \$11.50 For \$4.95.



ANOTHER excellent bargain secured by our buyer of women's ready-to-wear while in the east less than ten days ago. So anxious was he to set the whole splendid lot before you quickly that one hundred and fifty waists were hurried along by express in order to make this announcement today.

Every one a fashionable waist of the present hour--and made in every fashion of the present hour.

Peau de Soies, Peau de Cygne, Pongee, Crepe de Chine, Satin Foulards, and Glace Taffeta. White, blue, yellow, pink, navy blue, black and white, greens, red, checks, stripes, changeables--in fact we don't believe there's a color missing. Made with tucks down the front, across the front, some with faggoting between, button trimmed, strap trimmed, lace trimmed; pipings, round yokes of drawn-work, and so on. Variety couldn't be better. Every size from 32 to 44.

\$6.75 up to \$11.50 Silk Shirt Waists, Monday and until all are gone, one priced--\$4.95.

Walker Brothers Dry Goods Co